Now

G. Watson

1773

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BRITISH
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MUSEUM

FRONTISPIECE.

Sect. XXVIII.

Socrates out of his Senſes:

OR,

DIALOGUES

OF

DIOGENES of *SINOPE.*

Inſani ſapiens; nomen ferat æquus iniqui
Ultra quam ſatis eſt, virtutem ſi petat ipſam.

Tranſlated from the *German* of WIELAND,
By Mr. WINTERSTED.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE

OF THE

PUBLISHER.

SOME years ago I had an opportunity of making ſome acquaintance in a certain abbey of the order of B..... in S....., which (thanks for it to the genius of the twelfth and thirteenth ages, that endowed it, and to the œconomical ſpirit, which regulated its affairs) is rich enough to entertain ſeventy or eighty well nouriſhed ſons of the earth, in an idleneſs

made reſpectable by the prejudice of many ages, and in the moſt profound inattention to every occurrence in the phyſical and moral world beyond their own juriſdiction and territories. According to a well eſtabliſhed cuſtom, the convent has a library more to be recommended for the number, than the excellence of its authors. Of new books they only buy ſome canoniſts, aſceticks, or hiſtorians of the order. As to good books, the works of genius, they are never mentioned. To theſe admittance is abſolutely denied; and ſhould one of this kind unfortunately ſtray into this heterogeneous company, it is the librarian's great concern to lock them up immediately in a particular cheſt, the priſon deſtined for all its fellows, and for greater ſecurity to

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fetter them with iron-chains. For the uſe theſe reſpectable men make of their library, they want indeed no good books, and if we may tell the truth, no book at all; which perhaps may be the reaſon, why the increaſe of it is looked upon by them as a ſuperfluous expence, which an abbot, who will leave behind him the reputation of a good œconomiſt, muſt ſave for the advantage of the convent. Indeed I preſume that the only motive of leaving what they call the library to poſterity in the ſame condition they found it, is a ſort of complaiſance towards the moths, whom they ſcruple to trouble in their immemorial poſſeſſion, or the apprehenſion, that in a ſtate of baniſhment they might endeavour to recover their loſs in a way, which would

be leſs indifferent to our good monks. Be that as it will, an incomprehenſible deſtiny ordered it ſo, that in this ſame library I found ſomething which I expected there the leaſt, and which indeed ſeems ſo extraordinary, that I fear, it will deſtroy the credit of my whole ſtory,—a rational and inquiſitive librarian. To make this ſome way comprehenſible, I muſt ſay, that he ſeemed ſcarce thirty years old. My joy at this diſcovery was juſtly extraordinary; in a few minutes we became good friends, and I found, that this honeſt father had made good uſe of his right of delivering his priſoners from their chains, and of entertaining himſelf with them in his leiſure-hours. He was not yet what we might properly call a very refined head; but day-light however be-

began to dawn in his mind; and I hoped to find at a ſecond viſit in the convent, his ſoul conſiderably more illuminated. But my expectations were much deceived. His ſuperiors, whatever they might be elſe, were not ſo ſtupid, as not to have obſerved ſomething of that which made this man ſo valuable in my eyes. Every one was afraid of it. For ſeven or eight ages it had not yet happened, that a monk of this convent had aſpired to excell his fellow-brethren in wiſdom and knowledge. What conſequences might ariſe from this novelty? They were diſcovered at firſt ſight, and cauſed great terror. And the monks fancied, they could not too ſpeedily prevent ſo great an evil. In ſhort the honeſt father was pro-

moted to another poſt, and the father cook became librarian.

A happier choice was ſcarcely poſſible. He was the honeſteſt, ſtupideſt ſoul in the world, and the moſt ſatisfied with his own ſtupidity. Except his breviary and Rumpel's book of cookery, he had read nothing in his life, and was not able to conceive, how there could be people, who would venture to ſpoil their eyes with uſeleſs reading. As people like to give a reaſon for every thing, he contented himſelf with maintaining, that the deſire of knowledge, and the love of reading reſulting from it were neither more nor leſs, than one of the ſubtleſt ſnares, with which that wretch, Satan, endeavoured to draw ſouls into his power. Ignorance was, ac-

according to his opinion, the true ſtate of that bleſſed ſimplicity and poverty of ſpirit, which has the promiſes of the moſt glorious rewards in the other world; and he uſed to ſay, that a camel could more eaſily paſs through the eye of a needle, than a learned man enter into the kingdom of heaven. In ſhort, you might have ſearched all Europe over without finding a match for our librarian.

My inborn partiality to all people, who are extraordinary in their way, was the reaſon of my ſoon becoming acquainted with this new librarian, as well as with his predeceſſor. I inveighed againſt Febronius, and praiſed the book of Mr. de ..... Nothing more was wanting to give him the moſt advantageous

geous opinion of me. But I had, to tell the truth, ſtill another aim, and without which I ſhould not have been ſo obliging. There were a couple of cheſts full of manuſcripts in the library, among which, as it was commonly ſaid, there muſt be ſome rare pieces. I could well imagine, what in general I might hope to find there; but I determined to ſee however. I prevailed with the father librarian, who indeed was the beſt natured creature in the world, to unlock theſe cheſts. I found what I had imagined, finely written prayer-books, legends, meagre chronicles from the creation of the world, *Quæſtiones Metaphyſicales, de Principio Individuationis, de Formalitatibus, Commentarios in Libros Sententiarum, in parva Naturalia Ariſtotelis, Abbreviationes Decretorum,*

torum, and a hundred other ſuch like Lautitias, of which I was not induced to decypher any thing beyond the title-page. I was juſt giving over all further ſearch, when by the ill-conditioned appearance of a thin codex in quarto, or rather by the ſame inſtinct, which Socrates uſed to call his genius, I was almoſt mechanically excited to take it up, and to examine its contents. The book had neither beginning nor end; but the name of *Diogenes* and ſome others, which I did not expect therein, made me attentive, notwithſtanding its bad Latin.—I read one, or two of the ſhorteſt chapters, and was now perfectly convinced, that according to all probability I had fallen upon the beſt of theſe manuſcripts.

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As I had ſufficient power over myſelf, not to ſhew the librarian, who gave but little attention to me, of what importance this diſcovery was to me; I met with no great difficulties of getting his leave to take it home with me a few days for my peruſal. And now the benevolent reader knows as well as myſelf, how I came by this old manuſcript, of which I preſent him here a tranſlation.

I call it an *old manuſcript* almoſt for the ſame reaſon, by which an antiquarian, Lady Wortley Montague mentions in her thirteenth letter, refuted her objection againſt the antiquity of the coins in the Imperial cabinet: *they are old enough*, ſaid he; *for ought I know they have been*

been here theſe forty years.—This I make bold to affirm, that it is at leaſt not much more modern, than ſome tranſlations from the Arabian of the books of Ariſtotle. For as much as I can underſtand from a remaining fragment of the preface, the tranſlator aſſures us, that he found theſe dialogues in an Arabic manuſcript in a library at Fez, and copied and tranſlated them into as good Latin as at that time they uſed to ſpeak at the univerſity of Salamanca.

I recollected upon this occaſion from *Diogenes Laertius*, that *Diogenes of Sinope*, called the *Cynic*, had among other pieces written ſome *Dialogues*. And now I need no more, than to make a ſmall uſe of the rules of transforming the

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poſſible into the real, to believe, that theſe dialogues have undoubtedly been among the Greek manuſcripts, which the renowned *Caliph Al-Mamoun* of Bagdad has collected at great expence, and got tranſlated into Arabic; that a copy of this Arabian tranſlation in proceſs of time was brought into the excellent library, which they ſay, has been eſtabliſhed in the reign of the Mooriſh ſultan *Al-Manſur*, and that this copy was the ſame, from which my anonymous writer has made his tranſlation.

If I took pleaſure in making diſſertations upon *things, which no body can know*, it would not be difficult for me, to raiſe to myſelf a number of objections againſt this hypotheſis. The moſt important however

ſhould always be that, which may be taken from the character Diogenes bears in theſe dialogues.

The idea people are uſed to form of our Diogenes of Sinope, according to the informations of Diogenes Laertius and Athenæus, differs from that which we learn of him in theſe dialogues no leſs, than comedy from farce, the ironical Socrates from the aſotic Ariſtophanes, the Harlequin of Marivaux from that of the ſtage at Vienna, and a humourous, but good-mannered and delicate ſatyriſt of human follies from a greaſy and unpolite miſanthrope.

If faith might be given to the injudicious compiler of the lives of the philoſophers, and the prating author, who in his *Deipnoſophiſticis* places

places to the account of the old ſages ſo many abſurd anecdotes; Diogenes the Cynic muſt have been the moſt contemptible, the dulleſt, the naſtieſt, and the moſt inſupportable fellow, that ever diſgraced human nature; upon this ſuppoſition nothing could be more incomprehenſible, than that this ſame Cynical fellow could have been capable of doing and ſaying ſo many fine things, as the antients relate of him, and from whence aroſe that eſteem which the wiſeſt among them entertained for him.

But fortunately for his memory, the afore-ſaid writers, who give us ſo ugly a picture of this diſciple and follower of the *Socratic Antiſthenes*, don't deſerve faith enough to weaken the reaſons, which are urged

urged in ſupport of that better opinion, ſome modern Literati of the firſt rank have conceived of him. If any body deſires to know, how this matter has been circumſtantially decided, he may ſatisfy his curioſity in the writings of *Heuman* and *Bruker*.

We will content ourſelves with oppoſing here to the feeble authority of the two old Græcians abovementioned, (whoſe worth in other reſpects we are well acquainted with) the much greater authority of two wiſe men of ancient Greece, who give us quite another idea of our Diogenes.

The one is *Arrian*, a man, whom his perſonal merit promoted to the government of Cappadocia under

the reign of the Emperor Adrian, and who, which is ſtill more, was a diſciple and friend of the wiſe *Epictetus*, and indeed the Xenophon of this ſecond Socrates. I don't like to copy; readers, who are capable of viſiting the very ſources, may peruſe the twenty-ſecond and twenty-fourth chapters in the third book of his *Epictetus*, to ſee, how great and amiable a picture he draws there of our philoſopher. They will find that in the firſt of the ſaid chapters, where he treats of the true *Cyniciſm*, and perfectly juſtifies it againſt the objections commonly taken from the manners of ſome falſe *Cynics*, in different places he ſhews clearly, that Diogenes was ſuch a man, as he deſcribes a true Cynic; —and that in the other, where he inlarges more circumſtantially upon the

the character of Diogenes, he attributes to him the ſame love of independance, the ſame frankneſs and ſtrength of mind, the ſame goodneſs of heart, the ſame ſentiments of friendſhip for mankind and of a citizen of the world, * by which in the preſent dialogues, notwithſtanding his ſingularity and humour, he gains our affection. And ſuppoſe, as we grant willingly, Arrian has drawn him from his fair ſide, ſo much is certain however, that he muſt have found reaſon for it in the true hiſtorical character of Diogenes; for nobody chooſes a *Therſites*, from whom to draw the picture of a handſome man.

* αγε, Διογενης δ' ουκ εφιλει ανθρωπους; ὁς ὅτως ΗΜΕΡΟΣ ην και ΦΙΛΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ, &c. διὰ τέλο πασα γη παλρις ην εκεινῳ ζυνουῳ, εξαιρέλος δ' ανδεμια, &c. ARRIAN. L. III. c. 24. p. m. 382.

The ſecond authority I oppoſe to the calumniators of our ſage, is the philoſopher *Demonax*, whoſe character *Lucian*, (a very faithful man, when he ſpeaks well of any body, which very ſeldom happens) has drawn in a particular treatiſe with the ſpirit of Xenophon and the ſimplicity of Plutarch. Though this wiſe man did not eſtabliſh any ſect, and held in no great veneration metaphyſical ſpeculations, nobody however, who has read, what Lucian tells of him, will deny, that he deſerves the favourable judgment given of him by this ſevere and ſuſpicious judge of the moral worth of ſublunary things. If now the authority of Demonax is eſtabliſhed, his judgment too of Diogenes muſt preponderate againſt all the abſurd fables, and

and low anecdotes, on which is founded the unfavourable opinion, people are uſed to entertain of him. Lucian cites ſome paſſages, which prove the uncommon eſteem Demonax had for Diogenes.—We will content ourſelves with copying two of them. There once happened a converſation about the old philoſophers, and the queſtion was, which of them deſerved the greateſt eſteem. *For my part*, ſaid Demonax, *I honour Socrates, admire Diogenes, and love Ariſtippus.* And when they deſigned to erect him a ſtatue at Olympia, he declined this honour for the following reaſon: "that it "might not reflect any ſhame upon "their anceſtors for having erected "*ſtatues neither to Socrates nor to* "*Diogenes.*"

If againſt theſe teſtimonies the objection ſtill remains, that it can however not be denied againſt the united authorities of all antiquity, that Diogenes was among his cotemporaries in general, held in very little conſideration, and looked upon rather as a fooliſh humouriſt, than a wiſe man, we may grant this, without his ſuffering any loſs of that eſteem, which the judgment of the minority has obliged us to conceive of him. What idea muſt we have of Socrates himſelf, were we to judge of him from that character, which Ariſtophanes in his Clouds repreſented upon the ſtage, or from the accuſation of Anytus, and the ſentence of his judges? A man muſt have but little knowledge of the world, not to know, that

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ſome few ſtrokes of ſingularity and deviation from the common forms of moral behaviour are not ſufficient to ſet the moſt excellent man in a falſe light. In the famous John James Rouſſeau of Geneva, a man, who is perhaps really but half ſo ſingular, as he ſeems to be, we find this poſition much corroborated. And in theſe dialogues we will hear Diogenes himſelf in more than one place ſpeaking of this matter ſo well, that there will ſcarcely remain any doubt unobviated with any man, who has not impoſed it on himſelf as a law, to believe nothing but his own opinion.

With all this I willingly confeſs, that the Diogenes of theſe dialogues ſeems even to myſelf to be an ideal one, whether it be that the Latin tran-

tranſlator may really have tranſlated them from the Arabic, and the Arabian tranſlator from a Greek original, or that one of the tranſlators themſelves (which ſeems however very improbable) be the author of this work. The embelliſhment of ſome ſtrokes is viſible; and to ſhew all poſſible ſincerity to my reader, I neither can nor will conceal from him, that I myſelf as well as both the tranſlators, my predeceſſors, perhaps more by neceſſity than by deſign, have more part in it, than is conſiſtent with the fidelity we may require in a tranſlator. In ſhort I fear, they have experienced almoſt the ſame fate, which they ſay, has befallen the ſtory of the Skimmer, according to the relation of the French publiſher. It is more than probable, that the firſt Arabic tranſlator, ſup-

ſuppoſe even he had all the ſkill poſſible, found however in the infinite difference between his own and the Greek tongue an inſurmountable difficulty to tranſlate well a work of this ſingular kind.—— Therefore it may perhaps be ſaid of him: *ex Græcis bonis fecit Arabicos non bonos.*—I believe, the Latin tranſlator ſucceeded no better.—To tell the truth, by his ſtyle he ſeems to have been a bungler, though as a Magiſter Noſter of a new univerſity (as Salamanca was at that time) he appears in the preface to be a notable puffer.

He ſeems, like the greateſt part of our modern tranſlators, neither to have well underſtood the language, from which, nor that, into

which he tranſlated, and above all not the ſpirit of the original.

It appears in innumerable places, that under his rude hands ſome fine idea, ſome happy turn, or ſome other beauty of a delicate nature has eſcaped him; and in many places he is quite unintelligible and nonſenſical, without caring in the leaſt for what his readers may ſay of it. He has poſſibly not ſuppoſed, he ſhould have any readers;—or like the French tranſlator of *Muſarion*, he has tranſlated only for himſelf and his friends, and not for the publick. Be that as it will, this is certain, that I ſhould have offered to the world the moſt pitiful preſent imaginable, had I ſuffered myſelf to be ſeduced by the honour of being the

publiſher of an old Latin manuſcript, to print this.

Beſides, as this Diogenes ſeemed to deſerve ſo much, I gave myſelf the trouble, rather of new-forging him, and, according to my beſt abilities, of making him ſpeak my own mother-tongue as well as I imagined, that a tolerable Greek ſophiſt of the time of Alciphron would have made him ſpeak the Greek language.

Written at *Friburg* in *Uchtland*,
September 18, 1769.

Σ Ω-

ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ MAINOMENOΣ.

SECTION I.

HOW it came into my head to write my adventures, my obſervations, my ſentiments, my opinions, my dreams, my follies, —your follies, and—the wiſdom I learnt perhaps from both, I would firſt acquaint you, had I but paper, whereon to write. —But paper might be diſpenſed with, had we but wax-tables, bark of trees, or ſkins, or palm-leaves,—and in default of theſe, iron-plates, marble, ivory or brick might ſerve the turn; for all theſe different materials were formerly uſed for

writing, when people were more ſollicitous to write durably than to write much.—But unfortunately I am deſtitute of all theſe materials; and were I in poſſeſſion of them, they would be uſeleſs to me, having neither pen nor type, nor any other convenient inſtrument, except this little piece of chalk. —It is a bad buſineſs!—But what ſhould I do, if none of all theſe things exiſted in the world? The ſhorteſt way would be not to write at all: but write I will, 'tis reſolved. ---- What! write in the ſand?----It might do; I know ſome two or three hundred old and young writers, to whom, ſince they are determined to write, like myſelf, or ſince perhaps they are obliged to write, I would by all means recommend this method; but after all it has its inconveniences. — Blockhead! to conſider one moment on it, and not to ſee, that my

my tub is ſpacious enough, to contain a whole Iliad, provided my hand were ſmall enough. — I will write on my tub. — Its ſides too are ſo naked, without ſculpture, without gilding, without tapeſtry, without pictures; indeed too naked!—Am I an inferior artiſt to the worm, from whoſe entrails are ſpun thoſe webs, wherewith our modern Argonautes hang their halls?—The worm ſpins herſelf her own houſe, and I envy her ſkill; that is more than I can do. However I can hang my own houſe with a tapeſtry ſpun out of my brains; and that I will do, at leaſt as long as this piece of chalk laſts.

Indeed I ſhould be much chagrined to find among all the two-footed animals without feathers upon this globe of the earth, this egg of the earth, this platter of the earth,—(whatever it be, I leave it to the deciſion of thoſe gen-

tlemen, who have nothing elſe to do, and know not how to be idle) a ſingle individual with fewer wants, than my own. It is an excellent thing to have no wants, or if a man cannot prevent them all, to have at leaſt no more, than are abſolutely neceſſary, and to let them engage him as little as poſſible. At firſt indeed if you are not born with a genius for it, their prevention will coſt you ſome pains; but what trouble does the fool give himſelf, who has taken it into his head, to die rich? What pain does not the fool Phædrias give himſelf, firſt to win his miſtreſs, afterwards to ſatisfy, then to watch her? What does it coſt another fool, from a mechanic to become a magiſtrate? or a fourth to flatter himſelf into the favour of a Satrape? Theſe tenfold blockheads! with half the pains, they beſtow on the purchaſe of a thouſand real and imaginary plagues,

beſides thoſe, to which nature has doomed them, and which nobody can avoid, might put themſelves for their whole lives in poſſeſſion of happineſs approaching the bliſs of the gods.

For that the happineſs of the gods conſiſts in nothing elſe, than in glutting themſelves eternally with ambroſia, in carouſing eternally with nectar, and ſnuffing up the incenſe which we burn to their honour,—is juſt as much my creed, as it is that of their prieſts. They are happy becauſe they want nothing, fear nothing, hope nothing, wiſh nothing, find all things in themſelves, — and ſo am I too, as much as a poor devil of a mortal can be, who muſt have bread or roots for food, a mantle to keep him warm, a hut, at leaſt a tub for a dry lodging, and — a female of his own ſpecies, if he means to propagate his race.

I am well contented, to have got ſo far, as to want againſt hunger and thirſt only roots and water, againſt nakedneſs only a mantle of ſack-cloth, againſt wind and weather, nothing but my tub. What concerns the fourth article, your ſerious people don't like to hear of it, and a wiſe man thinks about it as little as he *can*;—and ſhould he be *obliged* to turn his thoughts that way, now our good mother nature has made proviſion for that, as I could prove by a pretty little example, were I not afraid, —you would grow jealous.

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SECT. II.

IF any one ſhould take it into his head, for the ſake of other people, to grow wiſe, as for example, to make his fortune, or to gain the eſteem of the world, or to avoid their blame; — I would adviſe him, under correction, to ſit down, and to let it alone. For I will wager my ſcrip and ſtaff, that is, all I am worth, to a bean, — provided you are not a Pythagorean, — that your labour will be all in vain, either one way, or other. — Either you will gain the eſteem of the world, and then I muſt be very much deceived, if you be not indebted for this honour either to your money, your condition, your employment, your wife, or your ſiſter, or perhaps your perſon, your talent of ſing-

ing, dancing, playing the flute, leaping through a hoop, throwing a ball at a needle, or in ſhort to any thing elſe in the world, but your wiſdom.—Or if by the favour of Heaven, you ſhould attain true wiſdom, the world will not be talked out of its opinion of your being a fool, in which caſe you will do well to act, if you can, like Diogenes, who is wiſe; like Diogenes, who is not fool enough to care about its opinion. For, my good friends, if he looks for your approbation, he, who has no favours to confer upon you, no feaſts to give you, no Perſian wines and no fine wife to ſet before you; — he would be obliged to turn your hand-mills, or to dig in your mines, or to drive your nymphs into an incloſure, or to promote your digeſtion by his tricks; — and with your leave, he chooſes to diſpenſe with it and all ſuch like matters,

ters, becauſe he has found out an expedient to content himſelf without your approbation.

With our good female friends it is quite another thing. Even without being handſome, or rich, or of quality, or dreſſed in purple and byſſus, or being perfumed with lavender, or having a curled head, or any head at all, as far at leaſt as wit is concerned, or having any talent of the ſex, there is, thanks to the goodneſs of your hearts, ye agreeable creatures, an infallible method of gaining your approbation, and — in ſhort we underſtand one another, I fancy; and if at any time my enemies ſhould carry their malice ſo far as to endeavour to deprive me of your good opinion by certain calumnies; there will be, I hope, always ſome of you generous enough to take me under protection, and to whiſper to your ſiſters, that Diogenes —is not entirely deſtitute of merit.

SECT. III.

AS to what concerns wiſdom in other reſpects, my dear gentlemen of Corinth, Athens, Sparta, Thebes, Megara, Sicyon, &c. and ye, whom for honour's ſake I ought to have named firſt, my worthy countrymen of Sinope, —give me leave to tell you, that I am too ſenſible of the honour of being deſcended from the ſame ſtock with you, to make any pretenſions to more wiſdom, than is abſolutely requiſite for my daily neceſſities. If ſome part of it could be of any ſervice to you, I confeſs it ſincerely, that I am indebted for it only to the obſervations you gave me occaſion for, when I obſerved your actions. I commonly diſcovered in proceſs of time, what, without being an

Œdipus, I ſhould have been able to foretel you,—that you would have repented afterwards of having acted in that way; and from thence I concluded directly: *you would have done better to have acted otherwiſe.*

I have gathered therefrom ſome remarks, of which I will, as occaſion requires, impart to you as much as I imagine, you will be able to bear.

Meanwhile however, and in order to return to the occaſion of this whole reflexion, I cannot forbear obſerving, *for the advantage of ſimple people*, that ſince my friend *Plato* has been pleaſed to do me the honour of naming me *Socrates out of his ſenſes*, ſome half-heads in the ſuburbs of Corinth, and perhaps in the town itſelf, ſeem to make it their buſineſs to ſet down to my account a great many follies of their own growth, and to give to thoſe, which I don't deny, ſuch

a turn, as intirely to deſtroy my property in them. I ſhould be very ſorry, if what I am to ſay, on that ſubject, ſhould prove diſagreeable to you: for I ſee very well, that this petty recreation is a great object to you. You may in ſeriouſly judging the follies, you impute to me, more conveniently ſhew your reaſon, and in ridiculing them, diſplay your wit. — Thereby you enjoy the advantage of a man, who himſelf creates an adverſary to encounter. He can make him juſt as weak and aukward, as he wants him for his conqueſt. As it would be unkind to trouble you in this petty amuſement, all I will ſay from hence to No. 4, ſhall be ſaid without any prejudice to you in this caſe, and only for the advantage of thoſe, who deſire to know me, and have no occaſion to travel for that purpoſe to Corinth.

I ac-

I acknowledge then, that for the many years I have meditated, how I might make myſelf as independent as poſſible, I found, "that upon certain conditions it was poſſible," and "that theſe conditions were in my power."

My thoughts were not long engaged about this matter; as ſoon as my theory was found out, I did, what very few moraliſts do.—I began to bring them into execution; and be it ſpoken without vanity, in the ſpace of twenty years, I advanced ſo far therein, that, as you ſee, I am commodiouſly lodged in a tub, feed on beans and roots, and for want of a cup, take in the hollow of my hand my nectar to them from the next fountain. Hence I enjoy the advantages of independance. I need not deceive you, and am aſſured, that you will deceive me juſt as little. I expect nothing from you, I aſk nothing from you, I fear nothing from

from you. — For what a poor devil muſt he be, who would ſteal from me my ſtick and my ſcrip full of beans and bread-crumbs? If contrary to all expectation there ſhould be found any one poor enough to fall into ſuch a temptation, I am ready to ſurrender both to him voluntarily. In the next wood I ſhall find a ſtick again, and out of my mantle's ſkirt I will make another ſcrip; thus the loſs will be repaired.—In a word I don't ſee, why we ſhould not be the beſt friends.—In any thing you aim at, you will never find Diogenes in your way—Aim for inſtance—not that I adviſe you to it,—at the office of an archon, a prieſt, a general, or at a place in the bed of a fine woman, or of a rich matron, or a lady, who for twenty minæ will do for you, what Diana did for beautiful Endymion. — Become a candidate for the good graces of a

Sa-

Satrape, a king, or a queen, or even for a crown itſelf, yea even for a ſeat among the gods,—which you know may be bought — in a word, endeavour to get whatever you pleaſe, Diogenes will never be your competitor; Diogenes is the moſt harmleſs, the moſt inſignificant fellow in the world—except that upon certain occaſions he tells you *the truth* —and though he contributes by it nothing to your *pleaſure*, I ſhould think however, he would deſerve well the free-gift of air and ſun-ſhine, and the permiſſion of laying himſelf down in the ſhade of a tree planted perhaps by his grand-father.

SECT.

SECT. IV.

DID I not tell you, that Diogenes, the ſon of Icetas of Sinope—whoſe follies by-the-by I will not attempt to palliate,—is not quite ſuch a fool, as the gentlemen and ladies in the Craneum are pleaſed to infer from ſome ſtrokes in his manner of thinking.

"This man affects ſingularity," ſay they. And ye, gentlemen and ladies, affect honeſty and virtue.

"He has thrown away his wooden cup, having ſeen a beggar drinking out of the hollow of his hand."—This, with your leave, is a ſmall miſrepreſentation. The cup muſt be thrown away becauſe it was leaky, and as there was then no other to be found, fortunately an honeſt ſon of the earth appeared, and taught me

me, how to drink without a cup. A wiſe man picks knowledge from every occaſion, and I aſſure you, madam, that from your lap-dog I have learnt the whole philoſophy of Ariſtippus.—But ſuppoſe I threw away the cup, becauſe I did not want it;—*Cleon*, who now drinks out of a golden cup, becauſe he aſſiſted at the condemnation of the innocent Nicias, might ſtill have been an honeſt man, if he could have drank out of the hollow of his hand, like myſelf.

"He is a woman-hater."—ha, ha, ha.—

"He affects ſaying to every body, what they don't like to hear."— Is it my fault, if they don't like the truth?

"He lives in a tub;"—it is a tub, as you may ſee, and ſpacious enough for a man, who has neither family, nor buſineſs. Now ſuppoſe I had propoſed to try, whether in a caſe of neceſſity the ſmalleſt habitation would not be great

enough for an honeſt man?—I know very well, my good *Xeniades*, that, whenever age, or ſickneſs ſhall make a more commodious habitation neceſſary, Diogenes will find under thy friendly, hoſpitable roof a ſmall room always ready for him. Now as I don't want it in theſe hot ſummer-days, the green turf may be my ſopha bolſtered with ſoft graſs and flowers, and a cypreſs ſpread her wholeſome ſhadow around me! There I reſpire the refreſhing breath of nature, and the vaulted heaven is my covering, and while I am thus repoſed, and my eyes wander about its endleſs expanſe, my mind is ſerene, calm and unclouded, like heaven itſelf.

"But what a whim, ſay they, to make a writing-table of the ſides of your tub?" —Well, it may be a whim; you have none I ſuppoſe? or are my whims, becauſe they are mine, not juſt as good as your whims, becauſe they are yours?—

But

But now do you obſerve this writing-table? it is a fine one made of ivory, bound in gilded leather, of which perhaps, for want of a worſe, I may make uſe hereafter. I am not ſo capricious as to fly from convenience, when it ſeeks me, and when I am not obliged to ſacrifice to it ſomething better. My worthy *Xeniades*, to whom this writing-table belongs, fancies, it will be much improved, if I return it to him written in every page. Thou ſhalt have thy will, good *Xeniades!*

SECT. V.

SHE was lying a little reclined upon her ſopha, and was playing, as I told you, with her lap-dog. Over againſt her ſat a young man, of whom nature promiſed much,—and who had heard from *Xenocrates*, that people muſt ſhut

their eyes, when they don't feel themſelves ſtrong enough to reſiſt a fair temptation with them open. The young man had not reſolution enough to ſhut them intirely, but he caſt them on the ground,—and there unfortunately they diſcovered a ſmall foot, as you may imagine the foot of one of the graces emerging out of the bath, but diſcovered only to an inch above the ankle. This would have been nothing for you or myſelf, but it was a great deal for our young ſpark. In ſhy confuſion he raiſed his eyes, looked at the lady, then at her lap-dog, then at the carpet again; but in the mean time the beautiful little foot had withdrawn itſelf from ſight. It affected him. He ſpoke with a faultering voice of any thing, but what he felt;—the lady careſſed her lap-dog, who returned her careſſes at the ſame time pulling with his little foot her ſtrophion away, then looked at her with a roguiſh—ſmile,

I would have ſaid, if dogs could ſmile, pulled her ſtrophion a little farther aſide, and diſcovered with this play—(as the lady was juſt contemplating a Leda of Parrhaſius, which was hanging over againſt her a little on the right hand) the ſnow-white half of an enchanting boſom.—The eyes of our youth ſparkled, and his breath panted.—The dog had raiſed himſelf on his hinder feet, upon her lap, laid his right foot on her fair boſom, and with his mouth half-opened, the expreſſion of deſire, he gazed at her eyes. She kiſſed the dog, called him her little flatterer, and gave him a ſugar-cake.—The young man had no more power to look upon the ground.—I ſlipped away.

As I paſſed along, I ſaw Ariſtippus crowned with roſes, and ſhedding all the odours of Arabia round him, returning elevated with wine from an entertainment of the rich Clinias. He ſwam

in a flowing ſilk garment, all glittering in the ſpoil he had juſt taken from Dionyſius of Syracuſe. A ſmall party of jovial youths ſwarmed round about him, and like Bacchus ſurrounded by the fauns and ſatyrs, he marched amidſt the troop, and taught them his wiſdom. By *Anubis*, the tutelar god of lap-dogs, I will lay my ſcrip and ſtaff, that Ariſtippus has learnt his wiſdom from Danae's lap-dog! Flatter the vanity of the rich and great, careſs their paſſions, promote their ſecret wiſhes without ſeeming to have diſcovered them,—and they will ply you well with ſugar-cakes. Here behold the whole myſtery!—"Nothing more than this?"—Not a jot!

SECT.

SECT. VI.

BELIEVE me, Clinias, Chærea, Demarchus, Sardanapalus, Midas, Crœſus, and whatever you may be called, —it is not out of envy—or deſpair, that I never ſhall be able to reſemble you, or from that pride, which endeavours to leſſen by contempt that, which it cannot attain.—I have nicely examined myſelf on that ſubject;—it is from an inward conviction, which I cannot poſſibly contradict, that I am not able to adviſe my friends to aim at happineſs like yours.

Your palaces are ſpacious, commodious, well built, adorned with the choiceſt works of art, filled with the moſt voluptuous inſtruments of wantonneſs;—your gardens reſemble thoſe of Alcinous and of the Heſperides; your halls that, where Homer's immortal gods quaff happineſs

in nectar;—your boys are as fair as Ganymede, and your female ſlaves like the hand-maids of the goddeſs of love;—your lives are a continual feaſt, variegated with muſic, dancing and ſports, no fair woman can reſiſt you; no Danae is inacceſſible to you; bolts, walls, guardian-dragons, all fly before you; your gold overcomes every thing.—

Some ſophiſts would perhaps cavil with you about theſe ſame advantages;—I would not. I am no contemner of the fair, no enemy of pleaſure, as the girls in the porticos accuſe me of being. I hate nothing more than weak arguments. "Voluptuouſneſs enervates", ſays *Xenocrates*;—Virtue likewiſe, *ſay I*, for otherwiſe Phryne would not have riſen ſo diſſatisfied with you.—Was Alcibiades not valiant? Was he not capable, if neceſſity required it, to ſleep in the open air, upon the hard ground, as well as in the lap of the fair *Nemea?*

Did

Did he not reliſh the black Spartan broth as well as the delicious meats of the voluptuous Tiſſaphernes?—No objections, I beſeech you, which are only true in one light, and which might be refuted by a thouſand examples.—Let us confeſs the truth! Good wine from Cyprus is indeed, provided you are not thirſty, of a better taſte than ſpring-water, let grave moraliſts ſay what they will; your female dancers from Ionia, and your laſſes from Scios are indeed very fine creatures. Your gallery hung with the pictures of a Zeuxis, a Parrhaſius, an Ælion and an Apelles charms the unlearned eye, and gratifies the contemplative connoiſſeur. —Muſt you then not be happy? Ought not every body to aſpire to the ſame condition? Should not the enjoyment of all that is beautiful and agreeable, make a man happy?

I have but one doubt.—It is, I fancy, more than a doubt;—but I fear

the mention of it will be troubleſome to you.—It would lead us to a laborious diſcuſſion; and I miſs my aim, if I tire your patience.——You are buſy, I ſee;—perhaps you are about to make a viſit to the fair Philænion?—or to the young wife of the old Strepſiades?—I will not detain you, in the mean while I will lie down in the ſhade of yonder trees, and—dream, till you return.

SECT. VII.

THIS moment I ſurprize myſelf in a vile ill humour.—O ſon of Icetas! art thou not as far removed from wiſdom, as thou confeſſedly art from the appearance of it?—To grow thus impatient, becauſe thy reveries are interrupted by a man, who fancies, he does thee a great deal of honour, and who is not obliged to know, that thou wouldſt dream

dream juſt now!——Fye! fye! thou mightſt have been obliged to ſuffer the ſame from a long-legged ſpider, a waſp, or a hornet.—I will tell you the whole matter.

" Thou art idle, Diogenes! ſaid he.

According to cuſtom, anſwered I.

" I will ſit down then with thee."

If thou haſt nothing better to do.

" Nothing in the world,—except that I ought to be at the forum. The cauſe of poor *Lamon* is to be decided. His father was a good friend of our family. I fancy, he will find great difficulty upon this occaſion; to extricate himſelf from his enemies. I pity him. I propoſed yeſterday ſpeaking in his behalf,—but to-day I am not in the humour for it."—

Not in a humour for it! and *Lamon*'s father was a friend of thy family?—and poor *Lamon* in danger?—

" As I told thee, my head is good for nothing to-day. We carouſed yeſterday

at

at Clinias's. The debauch continued the whole night. We had the wine of the gods, female-dancers, mimicks, philoſophers, who firſt quarrelled, then got drunk, and then with the dancers—in ſhort we had jovial doings.—"

All this is very pretty, I confeſs.—But the *poor Lamon!*

" Who can help it. I pity him, as I told thee. He is an honeſt man—and has a virtuous wife—a very virtuous wife indeed."—

And a fair one perhaps?

She came yeſterday to recommend to me her huſband's cauſe. She had with her two children between three and ſix years old,—lovely infants. She was in diſhabille, but her figure and mien ſtruck me. She threw herſelf at my feet. She ſpoke with warmth for her huſband:—It is impoſſible, he ſhould be culpable; he is the honeſteſt man, the tendereſt father, the beſt friend; he is incapable of

of committing a mean action with design. Assist him, it is in your power.—I raised objections to her; she answered them. I represented to her the difficulties, that would arise from the number of his enemies.—He has them, said she, because he has more merit, than money.—I shrugged up my shoulders.—She wept, and the two little creatures seeing their mother weeping and talking so earnestly, shared her tears, flinging their little arms around her neck, and anxiously demanded: Will this gentleman not restore us our father?—I assure thee, it was an affecting scene, I would have given fifty minæ for a good painter, to have caught it at that moment."—

Indeed?—Wast thou capable of such an idea at that moment?

"I assure thee, Diogenes, it would have been worth the while. I never in my life saw beauty in a more affecting form. Her bosom beat so violently beneath

neath her handkerchief, that I fancied, I felt its palpitation. All was ſoul and grace in this bewitching creature. I ſaid to her: Madam, I will do my utmoſt; what would not a man undertake for ſuch a woman as yourſelf?—I am now obliged to make a viſit to Clinias; he gives a feaſt to-night; but I will break from the company before midnight; do me the favour to return at that time; my valet-de-chambre ſhall bring you into my cloſet; then we will contrive means to ſave your huſband. The ſucceſs will depend chiefly upon yourſelf.—What doeſt thou imagine, Diogenes, this fooliſh woman did?—She ſprung up from the ground in a paſſion, which added to her charms. I could have caught her in my arms with rapture, as ſhe roſe; I had ſcarce finiſhed ſpeaking, and a contemptuous glance was all the anſwer ſhe vouchſafed. I beckoned to my valet, and left her. I know the rogue; I am

ſure, his eloquence omitted nothing, that could be ſaid upon that occaſion; but ſhe would not condeſcend to hear him. Come, my babes, ſaid ſhe, without deigning him a ſingle look, while ſhe claſped the little creatures to her boſom: Heaven will take care of us,—and if Heaven abandons us, we can die.—Thou ſeeſt, I had ſome reaſon to call her a virtuous woman."—

Too virtuous I ſee for the preſervation of *poor Lamon.*—O Chærea, Chærea, is it poſſible—

" Thou art in a moralizing humour, Diogenes.—Farewell! I am out of humour, as I told thee. I muſt diſſipate a little.—Wilt thou go with me to Thryallis?—My painter is taking from her the model of a Venus Callipygos;—and a fine piece it will be."

I thank you for this time, but excuſe me.—Poor Lamon and his fair, his virtuous wife with her two lovely children

have

have ſo taken poſſeſſion of me, that I can think on nothing elſe.—Thy painter could not ſtrike a ſingle ſtroke to pleaſe me at preſent; and it would not be his fault.—Go, Chærea, leave me to my ſolitary thoughts.—

No, I will not think; it would drive me out of my ſenſes, ſhould I give audience this moment to the thoughts, which will intrude upon me.—

You know undoubtedly, that this Chærea is the Alcibiades of Corinth.

SECT. VIII.

HOW charmingly this linnet ſings! I have refreſhed myſelf at yon fountain!—and now I will lie down to the little ſongſters of the grove, and abandon myſelf to every pleaſure, wherewith benevolent nature beſtrews the thorny paths of life.—Ah! *poor Lamon!* ſhall I go and try?—I will do it!—But what

what will my good intentions do him? I have no intereſt, no client, no body who cares for my friendſhip.—I am a ſtranger.—Lamon's cauſe concerns his poſt, it concerns the commonwealth.—I perhaps might not be permitted to ſpeak. —At leaſt I might ſpeak for him in the character of an interceſſor.—But we are not acquainted with each other.—It is no matter; I will go!—Such a fair woman ſhall not have bedewed with her tears the feet of a Chærea in vain.—

SECT. IX.

I Was ſtill unacquainted with the particular merits of Lamon's cauſe, when I departed and left my linnet. On my way I met one of his judges, who informed me of his caſe.—One ſet of villains hired by another villain, had caſt an eye upon Lamon's poſt.—He was accuſed of having unfaithfully managed

the publick money. They could not convict him of a real breach of truſt. But he had advanced money to a friend, who was empowered by the Archons to do ſome buſineſs for the republick, and pretended to be empowered likewiſe to aſk money for it. Lamon believed his friend, and was deceived.—This was his whole crime.—But you ſhould have ſeen its monſtrous exaggeration by its adverſaries! Lamon anſwered them with the timidity of an honeſt man, who ſees his fate in the hand of his enemies, and knows, that his ſentence is determined, before he begins to ſpeak. He ſpoke little. Let me ſpeak for thee, Lamon, ſaid I, and I began. They made a great pother; but thanks to my lungs, I overbawled them, and went on.—I ſpoke with all the ardour, which the idea of the beautiful matron and the two lovely children had inſpired me with; I did not ſpare his enemies,—I bribed the judges with the

praiſes

praiſes of their piety, their humanity, their generoſity, their impartiality, their abhorrence of oppreſſion. *A third part of them had ſtill cheeks, which were capable of bluſhing.*—This inflamed me.—I doubled my praiſes, and my confidence in their equity, and their virtue;—*I raiſed the bluſh of another third.*—Now I had gained my cauſe! I compleated my victory by the picture of the beautiful matron and her babes, whom I threw at their feet, and made them pray for their father.—*Damon was acquitted.* I ſlipt from the tumult, and behold me here again!—

How fair is the evening! how ſerene, how ſmiling is all nature! I am ſatisfied with myſelf. I have followed the dictates of humanity; I have reſtored joy to the fair eyes of the virtuous matron and to the little hearts of her children. How ſweet their embraces will be!—I enjoy them unſeen.—And who is now

the happieſt man to-night,—Chærea, Clinias, Midas, Sardanapalus, Crœſus, —*or myſelf?*—

SECT. X.

GIVE me leave to abandon myſelf to a ſenſation that makes me happy,—and in the mean time read once more the three foregoing ſections, if you pleaſe,—and as ſlowly or quickly, as you pleaſe.—

SECT. XI.

THIS is truly poetic ground!—This tall roſe-tree, full of freſh blooming roſes, how fair a vault it forms above my head! How ſweetly this fountain bubbles by me o'er the little pebbles! How level and ſmooth is this green plot! How freſh, how thick the verdure ſprings! I ſhould reproach myſelf,

ſelf, had I purpoſely choſen ſuch a voluptuous ſcene. What charms does ſimple nature diſplay!—She warms to enthuſiaſm even the unpoetical Diogenes. —I ſee, I ſee the graces, crowned with roſes; the lovely ſiſters lead their choir upon this verdant ſpot! Meanwhile the little loves, concealed behind the thicket, wind a lengthening chain of roſes; they nod and ſmile upon each other; their work is now atchieved. At once they burſt from their ambuſcade, and laughing fling their roſy chain about the dancers.--What an enchanting picture!—

O that you could behold it placed before you in colours as lively as my imagination preſents it to me! She has a warm pencil, I aſſure you, my lovely dames!—However inſenſible to your charms I may have been repreſented,—perhaps becauſe I have taken greater pains, than others, to live without you, —how little reaſon ſoever I have to

flatter myſelf with ſucceſs. A dryad, that ſhould ſlip now from behind this thicket, would come very ſeaſonably for me to make the experiment.—

But now for *my graces*—you fancy perhaps, I have invented this picture myſelf;—you are aſtoniſhed at it. I will tell you the truth. I ſcorn to appear better than I really am.—*It is only a copy.*

Chærea has the original by Apelles,—whom people call the painter of the graces, and who dared thus to entitle himſelf from his own feelings and conviction.

I was preſent, when it was bought. It is divine, exclaimed the enraptured Chærea, I muſt have it.—I would not reſign it to a monarch.—Doeſt thou know, Diogenes, my little grove of myrtles in my garden, and the little hall, where I ſometimes take my noon-tide nap? there will I place it in ſight, when I indulge my repoſe.

Chærea bought the picture for four Attic talents.

Four Attic talents, cried I, for three half-naked laſſes, and for three or four little naked boys upon a piece of canvaſs!—

But behold only, how beautiful they are, replied Chærea.—What imagination! how intirely grace! each with her own characteriſtic charm, each lovely by herſelf, and ſtill improved by the reflected beauty of her neighbour!

It is true, Chærea.—But you rich people are to blame to make artiſts hold their works ſo dear. Ten minæ would be enough for a painter. He ought to count ſomething for the ſatisfaction he enjoys in making ſuch a fine piece of work.—*Four talents*, Chærea!—for the delight of the eyes, which in a few weeks will have loſt all its charms for thee! *How many people thou wouldſt have been able to make happy by this ſum!*

SECT. XII.

SOME time afterwards I made a viſit to a large farm, which Chærea poſſeſſes near the Corinthian ſea. I found there one of his farmers, a fine grey-headed old man, ſitting before his door, in great affliction, and wiping his eyes, as he diſcovered me. I begged leave to ſit down by him, and demanded the cauſe of his grief. "Ah! ſtranger! ſaid he, I have loſt my daughter!—a child of fourteen years old, the moſt charming girl, that ever was ſeen. All the young people in the country ſaid, ſhe reſembled one of the Oreades, when on holy days ſhe danced with her companions.—It enraptured me to ſee her dance.—Such a one was her mother.—It was a good girl, an induſtrious houſewife, educated by the beſt of mothers, whom alas! I now declare happy not to

have

have lived to ſee this melancholy day.—Some pirates ſtole away my child, as ſhe was ſeeking ſhells on the ſhore, to adorn a little grot in our garden, where I am accuſtomed to repoſe myſelf in the heat of the day."—

I diſcovered the father in the warmth of the picture. But his daughter might have been ten times leſs amiable, than he deſcribed her, and I ſhould have taken the ſame part in his affliction. Poor man!—cried I, wiping my eyes;—but was there no means to recover your daughter? was it not poſſible to ranſom her?

"Ah! anſwered he ſighing, I tried every means. They demanded two talents. The girl is handſome, ſaid they, —a Satrape of the great king would pay us ſtill more for her. It was impoſſible for me to raiſe more than the half of this ſum. The deſire of regaining my daughter deprived me of my ſenſes.

In this perplexity I ran to my maſter at Corinth—He is immenſely rich, thought I, thy tears, thy grey hair will move him to compaſſion. How often he throws away two talents upon ſome tranſitory amuſement! Perhaps thou mayeſt move him to ſpend the ſame for the ſatisfaction of reſtoring to an aged father his child, the only joy of his declining years?—I threw myſelf at his feet,—but all in vain.—You ought to have taken more care of your daughter, ſaid he:—It pierced my heart to hear him;—and with what indifference he looked upon me at the ſame time!—I cannot bear the reflexion!"— The old man wept as he ſpoke it, and I—I raged little leſs than Ajax Oyleus himſelf. In the firſt heat I execrated the firſt, who had ever drawn a picture, and all the painters his ſucceſſors, and all thoſe, who belong to their tribe, not excepted even the grinders of colours.

As I was alone again, and my blood grown cool, my anger againſt the rich was changed into compaſſion. I pitied them, that juſt the very circumſtance, which ſhould render them happy, made them inſenſible to the pleaſure of doing good. Poor men! they have ſo many wants; their ſenſes, their imaginations, their paſſions, their whims, their conveniences, their vanity—have ſo many claims, *that not a whit is left them for the claims of humanity.*

How willingly would I allow you your palaces, gardens, pictures, gold, ſilver and ivory, your feaſts, concerts, plays, female dancers, apes and parrots, —if it were in my power to forget, that ten thouſand poor creatures of your kind have nothing to protect themſelves againſt the inclemencies of the air and the ruder ſeaſons,—becauſe ye dwell in palaces of marble; have nothing to cover their nakedneſs,—becauſe your ſlaves glitter

glitter in pompous apparel; have not enough to ſatisfy their hunger,—becauſe in one of your entertainments you ſwallow the weekly ſupport of a thouſand.—I hate to purſue the reflexion. I fear, I am piping to the deaf.—But what would I not do, if I might hope for the converſion of one in a hundred of you, to humanity.

SECT. XIII.

I Beſeech thee, Chærea, thee and all thy brethren, not to tell me, that by the uſe you make of your wealth, you encourage induſtry, arts and commerce, and promote the circulation of thoſe ſigns of wealth, wherein, as you ſay, the life of the ſtate conſiſts.

"Thouſands and ten thouſands, you ſay, live by our building, our gardening, our keeping a great houſe, our want of numberleſs unneceſſary things."—

We

We will not diſpute about it. But if you pretend to any *merit* in it, the ſilk-worm and the burret may boaſt themſelves to be the moſt excellent and benevolent of beings in the world; for indeed ſome millions of men live upon the product of theſe creatures.

Nothing is more juſt, than that you may beſtow your riches, whether procured by ſucceſſion, by induſtry, by ſurreption, by robbery, or by any other means, as a reward of thoſe, who work for your ſloth, vanity and voluptuouſneſs.

But, my good Chærea, there are people, who contribute nothing to flatter thy ſenſes and thy imagination, and who however have no leſs claim to thy ſuperfluity. The unhappy, to whom by a ſmall part of it thou canſt reſtore that tranquillity, which has abandoned his tear-bedewed couch;—The innocent beauty, whom thou mighteſt de-

deliver from the ſhame of ſerving for a model to a Parrhaſius for his laſcivious pictures *; or with half the ſum thou payeſt for theſe ſame pictures from a more ſhameful abuſe of her charms;—the abandoned orphan, who is diſpirited by poverty and contempt, of whom thy aſſiſtance may make a good citizen of the ſtate,—perhaps a great man, a Socrates, a Phocion,—have all theſe people no claim to thy ſuperfluity?

Ye ſons of fortune! you can calculate perfectly well upon other occaſions. Calculate then, if you pleaſe, how many thouſand creatures of your kind are obliged to live in poverty, that one of you may ſpend yearly forty or fifty talents? Ought you not to be charitable, were it only to avoid the hatred, with which the ſight of your ſenſualities and

* Parrhaſius—pinxit et minoribus tabellis *Libidines*, eo genere petulantis joci ſe reficiens. Plin. Hiſt. Nat. L. xxxv.

pro-

profuſions muſt inſpire the greateſt part of your fellow-citizens, who with the greateſt hardſhips can ſcarce gain ſo much bread for their children, as you daily ſpend for the ſupper of your dogs?—I beſeech you to reflect a little upon this topic.—

SECT. XIV.

YOU don't believe then, that there are *beautiful ſouls*, as there are *beautiful faces*, which owe nothing to art, and which are preciſely for this reaſon the fairer.

One day a ſophiſt, who endeavoured to demonſtrate, that there was no motion in the world, was refuted by my walking up and down before the block-head's eyes.

Shall I by the ſame method prove to you, that there are beautiful ſouls?—I ſhall give you perhaps handle for unfa-

vourable

vourable criticiſm;—however you may think of it, as you pleaſe; our opinions of one another can neither make you nor myſelf worſe than we are already.—And moreover I declare, hereby, that I tell my ſtory only to the beautiful *Pſyche*, and thoſe who reſemble her; I can hinder no body from hearing, but this I aſſure you, that on this account I will not ſay more or leſs, than if the whole college of Amphictyons heard me.

Erewhile I lived, as you know, and perhaps don't know, at Athens, to learn *eloquence of Plato*, and *the art of living of Antiſthenes*. Now it happened one day, that, in the evening, about twilight, I rambled alone in the porticos of the Ceramicus. It was already dark in the portico, except ſome places, which were a little illuminated by the neighbourhood of an *hotel*.

By the help of this light I ſaw a ſhadow ſliding towards me, who, as it approached

proached, was changed into a female form, and that again into the lovely figure of a virgin of ſixteen. She was ſo lightly clothed, that part of her feet, and of a boſom like that the poets attributed to Hebe remained uncovered, and her long fair locks flowed diſhevelled o'er her neck.

This ſight threw me into ſome confuſion;—but this was nothing.—The maiden extended her arms towards me in a manner moſt pathetically expreſſive of diſtreſs, thoſe arms, whoſe whiteneſs ſeemed to diſſipate the gloom, and ſunk down with her head upon my arm. My confuſion became extreme.

However, I recovered myſelf without any long reflexion. I flung my right arm about her waſte, turned round with her, and conducted her directly to a ſmall houſe I had hired in the Ceramicus. She accompanied me without reluctance, and without ſaying a word.

Her ſpirits ſeemed to be flown. She was overwhelmed with affliction.

We arrived at my cell. I ſet her down upon a ſort of couch, which by the way was adapted for nothing leſs than voluptuous ideas. I ſtruck a light, and now I examined my Foundling with all the attention, ſhe ſeemed to deſerve.

The Maid inſpired me with ſomething, which ſoftened my heart beyond its uſual temper. It was a charming mixture of compaſſion and love.——In order to enjoy it undiſturbed, I gave her, upon pretext of the coolneſs of the air, a ſort of mantle, wherewith to cover her boſom and her feet.

She regarded me with a degree of aſtoniſhment. She eſſayed to ſpeak, but a flood of tears ſtifled her voice. I caught her in my arms, kiſſed her, and intreated her in the ſofteſt terms I was capable of, to place ſome confidence in me.——She ſeemed to diſengage herſelf from my arms,

arms, but ſo weakly, that another would have miſtaken it for encouragement. I had other ideas. I fancied, that *I diſcerned in her half-extinguiſhed eyes the marks of a beautiful ſoul.*

It was poſſible, I might be deceived.——For, the circumſtances,——and the beautiful boſom, and what father Homer would have called her roſy arms and ſilver feet, to tell you the truth, operated mightily upon my imagination. But, with a full confidence I abandoned myſelf to my ſenſations, and the conſequence will ſhew you, whether I was deceived.

The firſt thing, which the Maid ſeemed to deſire, was ſome refreſhment; for ſhe had the appearance of being quite exhauſted. I haſtened then to—but indeed I aſk your pardon; I forget, that I am drawing for others the copy of an original, whoſe minuteſt traits I recollect with pleaſure.

The Maid having eat ſomething, and drunk a little wine; had recovered herſelf ſufficiently to tell me her ſtory.—— With a down-caſt look ſhe began.—— But unfortunately it is impoſſible for me to transfer into the copy the grace of her expreſſion, of her voice, of her whole figure.

SECT. XV.

"——THE beautiful *Laïs* is my mother. I was educated at home, and lived in that ignorance of myſelf, which is the privilege of infancy, till I loſt him, who was ſo good as to believe himſelf my father. He was a Sicilian, and ſaid, to be rich and of noble birth. I was ſcarce ſeven years old, when he died. My mother's tenderneſs cooled by degrees; other lovers eraſed the image of him, who was no more; and at laſt her heart ceaſed to ſay a ſingle word

word in behalf of the poor *Laïdion*. This affected me much, but I was obliged to conceal my tears; the mere traces of them in my eyes brought a ſtorm upon my head. In all other reſpects I was treated like the reſt of the girls in her ſervice, and we had maſters in ſinging, dancing, and playing upon the lute."—

Thou play'ſt upon the lute, my little Grace, cried I,—and ſing'ſt?——Here is a lute; I beſeech thee——My fair one was ſo complaiſant, as to interrupt her narration; ſhe ſung to me the ſweeteſt of Anacreon's odes——I leave you to gueſs, which?——and accompanied it upon the lute with fingers, each of which ſeemed to be winged with a ſoul.——

O Wiſdom! O Antiſthenes! where were ye at this moment?——this moment, the ſame to me, as if nothing like you had ever exiſted in the world.——

I ſought my ſoul upon the lips of the beautiful ſongſtreſs.

Let me go on in my narration, ſaid ſhe, ſmiling, and a charming bluſh ſhot over her whole face.

SECT. XVI.

HER bluſhes brought me in a moment to myſelf again, and its natural conſequence was, that I bluſhed as much at leaſt as the damſel.——She proceeded: "I was fourteen years old, when the beautiful Laïs ſurrendered me to a young Athenian, who, as he ſaid, paſſionately loved me. The beautiful Laïs declared to me, that I muſt look upon him as my maſter. My new lord concealed his power over me under the tendereſt careſſes. My days paſſed away in a continual ſucceſſion of amuſements. I was ſatisfied with my preſent condition, without

without thinking about futurity. Glycon had reaſon to be ſatisfied with my compliances; but if love be that, which glows in Sappho's ſongs, my heart is incapable of being inſpired with the paſſion. Glycon would have ſucceeded in it, had it been poſſible. I was often obliged to ſing to him the ſong to Phaon, wherein the fury of this paſſion is expreſſed with ſo much life, and each time he was chagrined to find in my eyes nothing of what I ſung. At laſt I perceived, that his love began to grow cooler. The tender key, in which it was tuned, was changed into a ſportive and ſprightly one, —which, to tell the truth, pleaſed me ſo much the better. But this too did not continue long."——

In ſhort, (for I obſerve, you begin to yawn) the beautiful Bacchis carried away the lover of my little girl, and here ended the drama.——

My fair one, as I have ſaid, told her ſtory moſt inchantingly,——becauſe the naïvity of youth, her looks, her voice, and ſomething,——what do you call it? which I felt very ſtrongly, but cannot deſcribe, made her ſtory more intereſting, than it really was.——For indeed, gentlemen, you are in the right, it was, thanks to the pains you are at to make it ſo, a very common tale.——Beſides, in the warmth of the narration, the mantle, which I had caſt about her, opened ſometimes a little; and you conceive, that ſuch a *trifle* in certain circumſtances was *no trifle at all.*——I could have liſtened to her the whole night.——But it is impoſſible, you ſhould be of the ſame humour; I do both you and myſelf juſtice, and I wiſh by the way, that all ſtory-tellers, poets, or hiſtorians, would be ſo kind, as to learn from hence a little inſtruction.

SECT.

SECT. XVII.

LAIDION went on informing me, how it happened, that this ſame night in a portico of the Ceramicus in ſuch a ſuſpicious dreſs ſhe ran into my arms.——I believe, I might leave it to your imagination to fill this *hiatus*. Were you to repreſent to yourſelves for inſtance, that at laſt Glycon out of affection to his new miſtreſs, ſold her to one of his friends,——this man, becauſe ſhe did not behave well towards him, to a ſtatuary,——and the ſtatuary, after having taken a few models from her, to a bawd; that when the bawd was going to exchange her for goods from the Levant, from an old Epheſian ſeaman, ſhe ran away laſt night, and concealed herſelf next day

day under the ruins of an old building,—or ſomething like this,——you will have gueſſed very nearly the truth.

Be this, as it will, the young *Laïs* was now under my protection, and I thought myſelf obliged to take all poſſible care of her. At that time I was not much richer, than I am at preſent. Compaſſion and good advice were the beſt things I had at her ſervice.

Perhaps what I ſaid to her, (if a copy of this tablet ſhould happen to come down to poſterity) might in many ages afterwards be of ſome uſe to a young creature, whether ſhe might be in the ſame, or in the common perplexity of her ſex and age,——or in a ſtate of uncertainty, how to diſpoſe of her heart. Upon this ſuppoſition I conſecrate the next following ſection to the fairer and tenderer part of poſterity *for their careful uſe*, with a requeſt to keep to themſelves the philoſophy,

phy, I ſhall teach them therein, and to beware leſt their mothers, and much more leſt their lovers, get the leaſt knowledge of it.

SECT. XVIII.

WHAT is paſt, ſaid I to the Maiden, is the conſequence of the misfortune of being born of the beautiful Laïs. Endeavour to forget it in all other reſpects, than ſo far as thy own experience may be uſeful to thee for the future. This alone muſt be thy aim; the ſucceſs depends upon thyſelf alone. ——Such a beautiful creature——(ſaying ſo, I could not forbear kiſſing her forehead) was certainly made for ſomething better than to ſerve for an amuſement to a Glycon, or for a model to a Calamis. Nature has done a great deal

for

for thee, my dear, Fortune nothing. But capricious as ſhe is, by ſome unexpected change ſhe will make amends for her paſt negligence.——

'She began to do it, when ſhe threw me into your hands,' ſaid Laïdion.——

Did not this deſerve another kiſs?

Thy happineſs, continued I, will depend upon thy future conduct. As there are ominous names, the firſt thing, we will begin with, ſhall be a change of thy name. *Laïdion* ſhall be changed into *Glycerion*, and under the name of *Glycerion* I will make thee acquainted with one of my friends, who——for a little reward perhaps,——will be generous enough to conduct thee to Miletum under the care of an old freed woman of his family, where provided with what convenience requires, and by a tranquil and retired life

life thou ſhalt the ſooneſt excite attention. There is a manner of concealing one's ſelf ſo as to be ſeen the better. In a ſhort time, lovers will flutter about thy lodgings as thick as bees about a roſe-tree.

Their intention, obſerve this well, my dear girl, is neither better nor worſe, than to get thee as cheap as poſſible. ——Thine muſt be to ſell thyſelf at the higheſt rate. Thy own heart perhaps will throw the greateſt obſtacle in thy way. Woe to thee, if it ſhould happen to be touched unſeaſonably, or by an object adapted only to gratify the ſight! A beauty has a thouſand things to give away, which are of no importance; but her heart muſt be always kept in her power. As long as thou preſerveſt this palladium, thou wilt be unconquerable. Endeavour to uſe all thy lovers kindly, without diſtinguiſhing any one. Divide into a thouſand parts ſuch favours, as thou

thou canſt grant without prejudice to thyſelf. A look ought to be eſteemed a great favour; and fill the intermediate ſpace from indifference to encouragement, and from this to tenderneſs, if it be poſſible, (and I fancy, that a beauty ought to be capable of it) with a hundred things, which by nice degrees retire from the one, and approach the other. But take care, whilſt thou art acting this part, not to let thy intention be diſcovered; that would be the ſame as to warn them to be upon their guard. It would be equally prejudicial to thee, if thou ſhouldſt inſpire an opinion, that thy heart were inſenſible. Grant to each, that ſeems to deſerve it, a ray of hope, that he might poſſibly win thee; but direct all thy motions ſo, that it may always be in thy power to favour him, who is tender and weak enough to ſurrender to thy charms himſelf and his fortune,——provided

that

that after due conſideration, the man and his fortune be found worth the ſacrifice of thy liberty. When the wound thy eyes have made in the heart of ſuch one, begins to feſter, thou mayeſt with prudence let him know, that thou art capable of tenderneſs.——

But didſt thou not tell me, that thou wert incapable of tenderneſs?

She bluſhed.——'I believe ſo,' ſaid ſhe, with a ſigh.

But not I, ſaid the ſon of Icetas, gazing upon her eyes with a look, which partook of tenderneſs and petulancy.

At that very moment his knee touched her's by accident.——He felt it trembling.——

'Why do you not go on,' ſaid ſhe, 'with your inſtructions?'

I muſt know firſt, whether thou art capable of tenderneſs?

'And ſuppoſe you knew it?'——

Then

Then I muſt know, in what degree?

In drawing her knees together, her mantle opened a little at the upper end.——A ſoft confuſion trembled in her ſparkling eyes.

The ſon of Icetas was at that time five and twenty years old.

His curioſity ought to have been ſatiſfied.——Was there not ſufficient reaſon?

SECT. XIX.

——O Glycerion! why am I not lord of the whole world?—or, great as the falling-off may be—only maſter of a ſmall farm, big enough for thee and myſelf—with a garden, and a little land to nouriſh us, and a grove to conceal our happineſs from the eye of envy?——

SECT.

SECT. XX.

THE heart, good folks! is a very weak thing. And yet how weak ſoever it may be, and how eaſily ſoever it leads us aſtray, it is the ſource of our beſt delights, our beſt inſtincts, our beſt actions.

I cannot poſſibly help *pitying* or *deſpiſing* the man who either *cannot*,—or *will not* underſtand this.

I wiſh however, the beauties would take warning, never to aſſure us from imaginary experience, that they believe themſelves incapable of being touched to a certain degree.

—A ſoft ſlumber interrupted the inſtruction of the friend, and the attention of the maiden.

SECT. XXI.

HOW difficult a taſk thou haſt undertaken, thou too irreſolute diſciple of Antiſthenes, to recommence thy lecture from the point, where it broke off.

My deareſt Glycerion, ſaid I at laſt! —As much as I love thee, I muſt go on,—if my love will not produce the effects of hatred.—Ah! Glycerion, tomorrow we ſhall ſee one another no more.

"See each other no more? and why not?"

Becauſe my preſence would be an obſtacle to thy fortune.

"What fortune? ſpeak'ſt thou ſeriouſly? canſt thou think on ſeparation?"

I muſt—my circumſtances—

"Should I be an obſtacle to thy fortune—Diogenes?—

No

No Glycerion! fortune and myſelf have no more dealings with one another. —It is myſelf who would be an obſtacle to thine.

"If this be thy motive, hear me, Diogenes!—I wiſh no better fortune than that of living with thee. Thou deſerveſt a friend, on whoſe boſom thou mightſt forget the injuſtice of fortune and of mankind.—Do not think that I will be burdenſome to thee; I can knit, embroider, ſpin,"— Excellent creature!

I reſiſted a long time,—but Glycerion adhered to her reſolution. Tell me now, ye whom nature has endowed with a feeling heart, was I deceived, when I thought, I read in her eyes the character of a beautiful ſoul?

We confirmed by oath the compact of eternal friendſhip. We removed from Athens. The world knew nothing about us, and we forgot the world. Three happy years—My eyes will not permit me to go on.—

SECT. XXII.

SHE is no more, the tender Glycerion!—With her I loſt all I could loſe. Her grave is the only ſpot of ground upon the earth, which I deign to call mine. Nobody beſides myſelf, knows that ſacred ſpot. I have planted it with roſes, which bloom like her boſom, and which no where diffuſe a more delightful odour than in this place. Each year in the month of roſes I viſit this holy receſs.—I ſit down upon her grave, I pluck off a roſe,—Such once was ſhe, think I,—and having torn the roſe in pieces, I ſtrew the leaves around upon the grave.—Then I recollect the enchanting dream of my youth, and a tear, which rolls down upon her grave, pacifies the beloved ſhade.—

SECT. XXIII.

IF you are not touched, it is not my fault. But I pardon you. You have loſt no Glycerion,—or you have none to loſe,—or you deſerve none.—I know a fine tale my nurſe uſed to tell me, when I was as yet a little boy.—Perhaps it might amuſe you. It is at your ſervice with all my heart.—But here comes my good Xeniades, and takes away the tablets.—

SECT. XXIV.

"THOU art a worthy ſoul!" ſaid Xeniades, after having read the ſtory of Glycerion,—"I cannot bear, that the world ſhould ſee thee in a falſe light."

And why ſees it me in a falſe light?

" Pardon me, my friend; I eſteem thee ſo heartily, that I would willingly convince myſelf, that thou haſt no fault at all."

But why ſo, my good Xeniades?—Am I not a man? may I not have my own faults and follies as well as other people?

" Thou wilt not underſtand me, Diogenes."—

I underſtand thee very well, but I cannot bear a certain ſort of hypocriſy, which I ſee reigns in our family,—I mean *the family of Deucalion and Pyrrha.* When people talk in a general way of the frailties, faults, and weakneſſes of human kind, each acknowledges, that he has likewiſe his own, nay, that he has a great many of them. But give to theſe weakneſſes, or faults, their true names, read over the whole regiſter of them piece by piece, and then enquire round about,—

not

not a ſingle individual will acknowledge one of them all. What inconſiſtency! —I hate it with all my heart.—I abandon the rules of cuſtom in a great many things, which ſeem indifferent. For this reaſon people call me a *humouriſt*, and thoſe, who will not be ſo civil, a *fool*. Well! I grant it you.—This is my hobby-horſe.—Does it hurt any body? —I ſee all Corinth infected with vices and follies, pernicious to their poſſeſſors, to other honeſt people, and even to the whole commonwealth. They are calmly looked upon.—And the Corinthians will not allow me two or three whims, which hurt no ſoul living, not even the ſoul of a fly!

"But thou wilt grant however, that an excellent man would ſtill be more ſo, if he had no blemiſhes at all?"

Suppoſe, Xeniades, it were poſſible; the queſtion is, whether ſuch great perfection were not the moſt infallible means

to incur univerſal abhorrence? Woe to that wiſe man, who ſhould reſemble other people in no kind of frailty! how would they find him ſupportable? How would they pardon him his preeminences?—He muſt purchaſe the freedom of enjoying them in peace, by ſome real, or imaginary follies, by which, as it were, he might appeaſe the univerſal genius of folly of this ſublunary world, and give to other fools a right of laughing at him.—But truly I grant thee more, than I owe thee, my dear Xeniades, by allowing, that that, which makes me a humouriſt, muſt abſolutely be folly, or caprice. I am ready now, if thou art not better engaged, to prove the contrary to thee.—Tell me preciſely, what the Corinthians find to reproach me with, and I will tell thee, what I have to anſwer to the charge.

X. They ſay for inſtance, Diogenes affects out of pride to diſtinguiſh himſelf from

from other people, by his dreſs, way of living and manners.

D. In all theſe points he acts according to his principles; where is then the affectation?—And how comes it into the head of thoſe honeſt Corinthians to indicate ſo confidently the ſecret ſprings of his conduct? However we will not diſpute about a point, in which it is impoſſible to convince one another.—Suppoſe they were in the right, this would prove neither more nor leſs, than that their pride does not approve, that mine ſhould wear a different maſk from their own.—But to ſpeak directly to the matter, would not your rich voluptuaries much better conſult their own intereſts, were they at leaſt to follow my example of *ſobriety?* How many are there, who by the ſavoury poiſons of their cooks enjoy but the ſame health that I do by the ſimple nouriſhment, which nature every where provides for me? Who of

them all, after having ſacrificed ten years to Comus, dares to challenge me in ſtrength and agility, let the trial be made at the Olympic games, or at thoſe, of which the fair ſex are judges?

This extreme ſobriety is not in the leaſt troubleſome to me, being once accuſtomed to it, and on the contrary procures me advantages, which diſdain to enter into any compariſon with the ſhallow pleaſure of tickling my palate. For whilſt I lead this life, which ſeems ſo miſerable to you, I am always vigorous and well diſpoſed to every thing; my mind is unclouded, my underſtanding active, my heart ſenſible, all my powers are at my own command, and it depends not upon my ſtomach, whether I ſhall be a genius, or a blockhead, an agreeable, or inſupportable companion to myſelf and to other people. The beauties of nature to my eyes never loſe their charms, and I am hardened againſt all her changes

and revolutions. I can bear heat and cold, hunger and thirſt, wind and weather, as long as human nature can ſupport herſelf. In ſhort I am prepared to ſuffer every kind of labour and pain, and I feel the raptures of pleaſure with the more vivacity, the ſeldomer I taſte them. Let your debauched, effeminate, enervate, waſpiſh, ſickly and languiſhing Sybarites, who ſuffer by the foldings of a roſe-leaf in their delicate couches, crawl here, and diſpute the price with me in all theſe articles!—In other reſpects it is no more than juſt, my worthy Xeniades! that things are conſtituted as we find them; the favourites of fortune would enjoy too many advantages over us, if nature had not taken upon her to indemnify us.—And now ſpeak thyſelf, ſhould I, in order to avoid only the ſcorn of the Corinthians, prove unfaithful to the voice of this tender

mo-

mother?—Diogenes is too much his own friend.

X. Thou mightſt perhaps not be much in the wrong as to the main point, Diogenes; but what would become of the world, if every one ſhould live according to thy principles? And ſince nature has addreſſed our ſenſes with innumerable objects of pleaſure, and has given to mankind genius and inclination to invent a thouſand arts deſtined only to augment the charms of his life,—has ſhe not ſhewn by it, it was not her ſole intention, *that we ſhould live*, but that we ſhould live *in the moſt agreeable manner?*

D. A great deal perhaps might be ſaid againſt this imagination, wherewith we are uſed to flatter ourſelves, as if all things in the world were created for us. The concluſion: "I may employ a thing to a certain purpoſe; ergo it is made for this purpoſe," is manifeſtly

feſtly falſe. For I can, for inſtance, uſe my cup for a chamber-pot, though it was deſigned for a drinking veſſel.—The queſtion is always, whether by the ſimple uſe of a great many things we don't abuſe them?—Some few diſquiſitions, into which we will not enter now, would decide the queſtion; nor do I want this deciſion to anſwer thy objection.—Suppoſe nature to have deſtined for our uſe and ſatisfaction all her works together with all the products of art, which in certain reſpects may be called the daughter of nature; and we might compare her to a rich man, who made a feaſt, and invited thereto all ſorts of gueſts of all countries, nations and tongues, of all claſſes, conditions, ſexes and complexions. Naturally he would do well, to ſerve up to ſo many and multifarious gueſts many ſorts of diſhes. Now imagine among all theſe gueſts a vigorous fellow, who not content with what

what he finds before him, ſhould draw towards him likewiſe the diſtant diſhes, and without conſidering that theſe meats are not all prepared for him, and that he has but one ſtomach, or that ſome diſhes were only ſerved for the feeble and ſickly gueſts, ſhould endeavour to ſwallow all alone, till he were, by overcharging his ſtomach, obliged to return the ſuperfluity,—what wouldſt thou ſay of ſuch a man, or with what eye doſt thou think, he will be looked upon by the lord of the feaſt?

X. That is eaſily anſwered.

D. And the application of my compariſon is eaſy too. Your rich people, who extract their victuals from every element and country, are thoſe gueſts, who as far as in them lies, endeavour to ſwallow alone the whole entertainment of nature. Let each take what ſtands next him, and eat no more than he wants to ſatisfy his hunger, and we may all riſe from the table

table of nature, ſatisfied and in the enjoyment of our health, and nobody will have reaſon to complain of indigeſtion, nor to trouble the reſt of the company by his belching and —. This alone would be the reſult of every man's living according to my principles.—But don't be alarmed, Xeniades; the number of my followers will never be conſiderable enough to menace the preſent conſtitution of the world.—Even ſhould we ſuppoſe, what cannot poſſibly happen, that my example ſhould have force enough to convert a whole nation to my ſyſtem; —doſt thou think, it would be the worſe for it?—I have a good mind—but what is yonder? doſt thou not hear the cry of anguiſh from the ſhore? I will give thee an idea of my republick at another time, Xeniades!—I muſt now ſee, what has happened yonder.

SECT.

SECT. XXV.

IT was nothing—— but that a ſmall boat approaching the ſhore was overſet by a rock.———Among the ſwimmers I diſcovered a perſon, who ſeemed not to have ſtrength enough left to reach the ſhore. In a moment my mantle was in the ſand,——I jumped into the water,——decent or not,——the queſtion was to ſave the life of a human creature.——Was it then of the female ſex?——It is not my fault, that it was ſo; however——you may believe, or diſbelieve me——I was as indifferent about this circumſtance at that moment, as about the man in the moon.——I took her upon my back, and with ſome pains brought her ſafely to ſhore.——It would have been ungenerous to retire and leave her in the ſand; no good work ought

to

to be done by halves. For that reaſon I bore her to the next verdant ſpot. It was ſurrounded by a thicket.——You may fancy, that during all this time I had an opportunity of diſcovering, that my charge was handſome.——Are you now leſs intereſted for her, ſince you know that circumſtance?——I was equally concerned with yourſelf.——Meanwhile I continued without my mantle.——The beautiful creature, and the concern I was under to recover her, engaged my attention ſo far, that I had none for myſelf,——till the moment ſhe opened her eyes. She ſhut them again ſo ſoon, that I dare lay a wager, ſhe ſaw but little. The confuſion, which attended it, and a ſhort exclamation, wherewith ſhe accompanied it, made me ſtart; and now I firſt diſcovered, that I was without my mantle.——I tell you the ſtory with all its circumſtances, as it hap-

pened, without any embelliſhment.—— Whilſt I go a moment's time to fetch my mantle, ſaid I, repoſe thyſelf in the ſunſhine, and dry thyſelf as well as thou canſt, for I muſt and will ſee thoſe eyes, and learn, what farther ſervice I can do thee.——Away I ran. In ten minutes time I had got my mantle again. I returned. In the mean time ſhe had wrung out her upper-garment, and ſpread it in the ſun-ſhine, and was juſt engaged in diſburthening herſelf of the others behind the thicket. A great buſh prevented her perceiving me, notwithſtanding ſhe threw her eyes around with timid circumſpection. I remained, where I was, and—— obſerved her;——I will ſay no more, except that of a hundred young men I ſhould have adviſed ninety-nine and one, to have looked ſomewhere elſe, or rather to have departed. But a man of fifty years, who more than twenty ſince has

lived

lived upon ſallad, beans and water, dares to gaze at every beautiful ſtatue, whether formed by the hands of a Phidias, or by thoſe of Nature herſelf. At laſt the upper-garment was dry. She wrapt herſelf up in it, ſat down in the ſun, and ſeemed to look about for me.——I therefore appeared. She bluſhed, caſt down her eyes, and looked like a perſon in perplexity. I come again, fair ſtranger, ſaid I,——here her countenance cleared up a little, but her bluſhes increaſed,—— to know, whether I can ſerve thee farther. She was ſilent ſome moments. Wouldſt thou then, ſaid ſhe at laſt, do me the favour to ſee, what is become of an old woman, who was with me in the boat? She was my nurſe; I hope, ſhe is ſaved.——I flew to the ſhore.—— Every thing was ſaved, except the old nurſe, of whom nobody could give me the leaſt information. The beautiful

young woman wept at hearing my report. She ran herſelf to the ſhore, intreated the ſailors to ſeek her nurſe, promiſed rewards, and——would perhaps have continued to weep, had not a cheſt, which was not far from her in the ſand, given another direction to her attention. It belonged to her, and was packed up with clothes and a thouſand other fine things neceſſary for the equipment of a fine lady. Fortunately nothing was damaged. A beam of joy inſtantly unclouded her countenance,——and a very lovely countenance it was, I aſſure you. The nurſe was nowhere to be found, and the ſun was ſetting. The beautiful dame tolerably conſoled by having found her cheſt at leaſt, mentioned the name of a female friend, to whom I was to conduct her. A ſailor charged with her cheſt, led the way. We arrived, ſhe thanked me, and I——wiſhed her a good night.

—For

——For the firſt time ſhe ſeemed to contemplate me with attention and ſome aſtoniſhment. Adieu, ſaid I, fair ſtranger! and went away.

SECT. XXVI.

NOW I aſk all honeſt people, Greeks and Barbarians, men and women, not excepting even hermaphrodites and eunuchs, what there is ſo ſcandalous in the ſtory I have juſt now related?——Upon my word I conceive no ſuch thing. Suppoſe all circumſtances, ſuch as they really were, I cannot ſee, how I myſelf, or the fair one, or both together, could have conducted ourſelves otherwiſe than we did.

Meanwhile hear, what happened. The following day this ſtory was known throughout Corinth; three whole days

people talked of nothing, but *Diogenes and the fair lady.* They told one another the ſtory, and each embelliſhed it a little, or ſupplied a defective circumſtance with one of his own invention; at length it hitched into rhime, and laſt night it harmonized the ſtreets.——— But this is nothing. People gave their opinions of it likewiſe; they examined, what Diogenes and the beautiful woman had done, what they had not done; by what ſecret motives and to what end they had acted; what in theſe and other ſuppoſed circumſtances they could have done; or ought to have done, &c. They diſcourſed it pro and con, and it was unanimouſly concluded, "that in this whole tranſaction Diogenes had acted neither as a wiſe, nor as a virtuous man."———

An old lady took it very much amiſs, that he did not fetch his mantle ſooner.

What

What imprudence, were one to give it the ſofteſt name! Was it poſſible to be ſo abſent? Before the lady recovered, he ought to have left her on the ſtrand, and after having put on his mantle again, to have carried her to a more proper place.——

You are very good-natured, madam, ſaid a *ſecond*. Do you not ſee then, that people may forget ſome things on purpoſe?——and that at this moment his convenience required, that he ſhould not think on the moſt neceſſary, till it was too late?———

By the Eleuſinian Goddeſſes, ſwore a *third*, he ſhould not have dared to appear before me, had I been the ſtranger.——

Probably, ſaid a *fourth*, the lady was from ſome country, where people ſtill live in a ſtate of nature.———

Or ſhe took him to be a Satyr, ſaid the *fifth*, a tall fat woman, who ſeemed, as

if ſhe would not have feared even ten Satyrs.———

I don't know, what room there is for ſo many conjectures, ſaid a *ſixth*. I think the matter ſpeaks itſelf. Suppoſe this was now the taſte of the lady? According to all circumſtances it was undoubtedly one of that ſort of women, with whom it is no great matter, whether they are treated with the very greateſt etiquette, or not.

Thus judged the ladies of the firſt and ſecond rank at Corinth, except the *prieſteſſes*, who did not judge at all; but they only enquired into the ſeveral circumſtances, and hearing, that he was without his mantle, when the lady firſt opened her eyes, bluſhed exceedingly, held their hands before their eyes, and refuſed to hear any thing more.

Among the men the matter was looked upon in another light.

Why

Why did his officiouſneſs extend only to the fair lady? Why did he ſuffer the honeſt nurſe to ſink, who, as the event proved, equally wanted his aſſiſtance?

That queſtion is the better founded, added a *ſecond*, as there is ſome appearance, that even without his aſſiſtance his fair lady would have reached the ſhore.———

You are ſevere, gentlemen, ſaid a *third*, as if it was not natural to deſerve well of a young and handſome woman rather than of her old nurſe? ha, ha, he.———The man was tickled with his own bright fancy, ha, ha, he.——

Eſpecially, added a *fourth* with an arch look, as there may not every day be found an honeſt pretext for going behind a hedge with a beautiful nymph *in puris naturalibus*.———

I know from good hands, ſaid a *fifth*, who ſome few days ago had been made al-

alderman, that they have been more than two hours together in the thicket, and witneſſes can be produced, who have ſeen his mantle on the ſhore, and the clothes of the woman upon a dry bough in the ſun.

I don't chooſe to think the worſt, ſaid a *prieſt of Jupiter*, a grave gray-haired man of forty, very emphatically ſtroking his double chin.———But as mankind are now, I don't like to hear of generous actions, when a woman, and eſpecially a young and handſome one, is intereſted. It is too viſible, as it has been already obſerved, why people endeavour always to deſerve well of this laſt claſs. I would fain know, if the matter might be ſeriouſly diſcourſed, why a beautiful woman, merely for the ſake of her beauty, ſhould be worthier of affection, than her nurſe? Is the nurſe not likewiſe a human creature? Don't

we

we owe the ſame duties to her? Is not, in the caſe before us, the one as helpleſs as the other? Are not piety and irreproachableneſs of manners, what determine the true worth of mankind? But perhaps a young and beautiful woman has for the ſake of theſe accidental qualities a better claim to our piety and virtue, than an old and ugly one?—The contrary may naturally be ſuppoſed.

A virtuous man, if he be wiſe, and ſuch he ought to be, or his virtue will be in danger of ſtumbling every moment, —were he obliged to chooſe in ſuch a caſe between them both, would have determined rather in favour of the nurſe; the purer his intentions with reſpect to her, the more edifying the example, and the leſs would he have had to fear for her virtue and his own.——

Pardon me, Father of gods and men! —but it is impoſſible for me to hear thy prieſt

prieſt any longer with ſo much gravity talking—nonſenſe. Thou art in the right, O prieſt of Jupiter! It is impoſſible to comprehend, why a young and handſome woman ſhould be more engaging than her nurſe.—She is not engaging at all.—The virtue of the old nurſe, that is the matter! What a jewel! This ought to have been ſaved to be ſure! Let your beauties go to the bottom! It is a matter of no conſequence. Virtue gains by it; temptations are leſſened, and what fine examples we ſhould give, were there nothing left for us in the world but old nurſes!—Diogenes has acted neither as a wife, nor as a virtuous man; I will grant thee, whatſoever thou deſireſt, O prieſt of Jupiter!—only be ſilent.

SECT.

SECT. XXVII.

WITHOUT vanity, the foregoing chapter is one of the moſt inſtructive, that ever was written; and I adviſe you ſincerely, to meditate upon it more than once with all poſſible attention. A reader of ordinary underſtanding will be able with ſmall pains, to abſtract therefrom the rules of the moſt ſerviceable and uſeful arts, for inſtance, of the art of calumniating with a good grace,—of the art of ſetting actions in a falſe light, without any change in the circumſtances, except only time and place;—of the art of giving a daſh of ſcandal to the moſt indifferent and innocent things,—of the art of propping up particular lies by general truths,—all arts, which have a very extenſive influence

fluence in ſocial life, and which are of ſuch a kind, that thoſe, who have made any great progreſs therein, conceal them as carefully as certain phyſicians do their *arcana*, becauſe they will monopolize the profits reſulting from them.—I repeat it, it is a very inſtructive chapter!

SECT. XXVIII.

I Confeſs it to thee, Xeniades! I was vanquiſhed by the temptation of revenging myſelf on the tall fat woman, who had compared me to a ſatyr. Thou knoweſt Lyſiſtrata the wife of the dull Phocas.—I went to her the other day at noon-tide. The heat was exceſſive. I found her reclined upon a couch in her ſummer-houſe. A young ſlave, a medium betwixt a boy and a young man, was upon his knees at her bedſide, with

a

a great fan in his hand; he retired, when I entered. I told her, I was come to give her a better opinion of a certain female friend of mine, than ſhe had unfortunately been pleaſed to form of her.

She ſeemed not to conceive my intention. I jogg'd her memory, and told her, that the ſaid lady did not believe, ſhe had deſerved ſo ſevere a ſentence, as had been pronounced upon her a few days before in a certain company. Indeed, added I, I wiſh to know, how Lyſiſtrata in the ſame circumſtances would have behaved.

" It is not my fault, that the rules of decency are ſo rigid," ſaid ſhe.—

Speakeſt thou of decency, which ariſes from the internal beauty of ſentiments and actions; or of an imaginary decency, which depends only on the opinion of mankind?

I un-

" I underſtand nothing of your diſtinctions," replied the lady;—" every one knows, what people underſtand by decency, and I believe, they all agree, that there are certain rules, with which nobody can diſpenſe, without incurring the reflexions of the world."

Thou alludeſt perhaps to the circumſtance of my being without a mantle, when the lady opened her eyes the firſt time? I confeſs it, it was not according to rule, but the circumſtances muſt excuſe me, and indeed I had no bad intention.

" The queſtion is not about thy intention, but about thy actions," ſaid ſhe ſmiling.

I could anſwer for nothing, fair Lyſiſtrata, ſhould I find myſelf in the ſame extraordinary circumſtances with ſo charming a woman, as I have here before my eyes.

" I don't ſee, why thou ſhouldſt draw me

me into the affair," replied ſhe bluſhing, whilſt ſhe adjuſted her handkerchief, which was a little diſordered, but ſhe did it ſo negligently, that the diſorder grew worſe, than before.

But ſeriouſly, fair Lyſiſtrata, couldſt thou be capable of not pardoning ſuch a trifle in a man, who had ſaved thy life? for it was indeed in itſelf the moſt inſignificant thing in the world.

"Not ſo inſignificant, as thou imagineſt."—

But why ſo? I ſhould have a very poor idea of the virtue of a woman, did I believe, that an accident of this kind, where on neither ſide there was the leaſt intention, could be capable of putting her out of countenance;—

"But who ſays ſo? I wiſh, you would not fancy yourſelf ſo dangerous; but what would become of the eſteem, which you owe us, if we ſhould be as eaſy as

thy ſtranger, to pardon ſuch freedoms, how little ſoever taken with any ill intention?"—

Perhaps ſhe looked upon her man as a ſatyr, fair Lyſiſtrata?

She bluſhed a ſecond time.—"Thou art malicious, Diogenes," ſaid ſhe, in turning a little towards me, without obſerving that by this motion the drapery of her left foot was thrown into ſome diſorder, which gave indeed to her whole figure, as ſhe was reclined upon the couch, a more pictureſque view, but was capable of making impreſſions, which at leaſt according to the prejudices, we have in favour of virtuous women, ſhe had probably no intention of giving.

Indeed, Lyſiſtrata, ſaid I, many things are permitted to a ſatyr, which would not be pardoned in another.—The direction of my eyes ought to have made her

her attentive, had ſhe been leſs diſtracted.—I would not adviſe thee for inſtance, fair Lyſiſtrata, continued I after a little pauſe, purpoſely to put thyſelf into this ſituation, wherein I ſee thee at this moment, if thou fanciedſt thyſelf in the leaſt danger of being ſurpriſed by a ſatyr.—

"Who could believe," ſaid ſhe returning into herſelf with an affected confuſion, "that philoſophers had eyes for ſuch trifles?—Thou art ſure however, that I did not think of giving any diſtraction to thy wiſdom?"—

I don't know, what thou thoughtſt, but I know, what I would do, if I could perſuade thee, to grant me the prerogatives of a ſatyr.—

The lady looked on me with a little aſtoniſhment, which had nothing terrifying in it. It was a look that ſeemed to

examine in my eyes, whether I felt, what I ſaid.

As all things have their limits, continued I with a great ſigh, ſhould virtue not have its own likewiſe?—I feel it too much, fair Lyſiſtrata, not to wiſh myſelf capable of convincing thee thereof.

At this moment I payed as little attention to my mantle, as the lady ſome minutes ago did to her tunic.—She had her eyes half ſhut, and her boſom, whereupon ſome dozens of Cupids had room enough to lead a dance, beat ſo vehemently, that even I myſelf was almoſt put out of countenance.

O charming Lyſiſtrata, cried I approaching her with a motion, as if I could not forbear embracing her,—Why can I not inſpire thee with ſofter ſentiments! Thy rigid virtue, of which thou makeſt a public profeſſion,—I honour it—it forces me to do ſo;—but

how

how much I ſhould love thee, wert thou capable of pardoning the poor ſtranger that little peccadillo, which gave thee ſo much offence! How ſoon thou wouldſt be ſo, wert thou thyſelf more capable of committing a frailty!—

"Indeed I don't underſtand thee, ſaid ſhe, but—thou wouldſt very much oblige me, by leaving me alone."—

Canſt thou have ſeriouſly ſo cruel an idea? ſaid I, taking one of her hands, and approaching a little nearer her couch.—

She withdrew her hand ſo inadvertently, that mine in following, fell upon her boſom. I will not be made a jeſt of, ſaid ſhe.

That drives me to deſpair. I am almoſt out of my ſenſes, to have ventured myſelf into ſuch danger, when I had ſo much reaſon to form the moſt terrible ideas of thy virtue.—

She ſwelled with paſſion, without knowing how to break forth.

Thou ſeeſt, too charming Lyſiſtrata, how much I fall ſhort of being that ſatyr, which I ſeem to be. But confeſs to me, wouldſt thou not have been as much miſtaken as my ſtranger?—

Her anger provoked her to tears.

I felt myſelf growing weak. I roſe, for I could not have anſwered for myſelf one minute longer.

At this moment her ſlave entered, and whiſpered ſomething in his lady's ear. As quick as my hearing is, I heard nothing more than the name of *Dio-phantes*,—of that prieſt, who could not conceive, why a beautiful woman ſhould be lovelier than her gouvernante. The boy haſtened away with an order, of which I underſtood nothing. I waited no other intimation. I hope, Lyſiſtrata, ſaid I, I may leave thee with the aſſurance, of having given thee a better opi-

opinion of myſelf and the beautiful ſtranger. The reverend Diophantes comes too opportunely for the diſpoſition I leave thee in, not to make an other moment's intruſion upon thee impertinent. Farewell, inexorable beauty, —and ſo I went away, without being vouchſafed either an anſwer, or a look.

I cannot conceive, ſaid Xeniades, how thou hadſt ſo much power over thyſelf, to take a revenge, which was at leaſt as troubleſome to thyſelf as to the lady.

Thou canſt not conceive, Xeniades, how much I hate thoſe hypocrites,—as much as I honour innocence and true virtue. The deſire of making her feel all the contempt ſhe deſerved, made me capable of every thing.—I muſt confeſs however, that a kind of good nature once or twice had like to have played me a trick, which I could never have pardoned myſelf.

SECT. XXIX.

A Man, who has not tried it, or ſomething like it, knows not, what difference there is between going to the port for the ſake of buſineſs, or of a walk, or being obliged to go there in order to be chained ten years to a galley.

I myſelf never felt this difference ſo ſenſibly, as ſome days ago, when upon one of my ſtrolling walks I happened to enter the grove, which not far from the temple of Neptune extends itſelf along the ſhore, and as you know, is conſecrated to the Nereids.

Whilſt I dreamt on nothing leſs than on finding an old acquaintance in this wild place, I perceived a man aged about thirty-five years, ill-dreſſed, uncombed, hagged, pale, hollow-eyed, in ſhort,

under

under every circumſtance of want and miſery, flung under a tree. He was going to take his ſupper conſiſting of a handful of potatoes, which he had juſt pulled up, and of ſome pieces of bread ſoaked in water. I fancied, I knew the man, and in drawing nearer I ſaw with ſome aſtoniſhment, that it was Bacchides from Athens, who a ſhort time before I took my laſt leave of that town, was juſt come into the poſſeſſion of eight hundred talents at leaſt, left him by an old uſurer, whoſe only ſon he had the good fortune to be.

How is it, ſaid I, that I meet here the happy Bacchides, and ſo ſolitary, and at ſuch a frugal entertainment?—

Happy, O ye Gods! cried he ſighing, that time is no more, Diogenes! for it is thyſelf, unleſs my eyes deceive me."

I wiſh they may never have deceived thee more, replied I.

"Thou

"Thou comeſt very opportunely; I was looking for thee; for I come from Athens to make myſelf one of thy diſciples."

Then thou haſt undertaken an unprofitable journey; for I have no ſchool.

"I will be then thy firſt diſciple. I will learn from thee, by what means thou art happy in the neceſſitous ſituation, wherein thou haſt lived ſo many years?"

And what uſe wouldſt thou make of this knowledge?

"What uſe?—I believe, my bare appearance might anſwer that queſtion."

I ſee well, that there muſt have happened ſome change in thy circumſtances.

"A very great one, by all the Gods, a very great one indeed! Thou kneweſt me, when I had in my poſſeſſion houſes, farms, mines, manufactories, ſhips, in ſhort enough, to ſee myſelf envied by the greateſt part of my fellow-citizens."

Thou hadſt undoubtedly thy ſtatues likewiſe, thy pictures, thy Perſian carpets, thy golden drinking-veſſels, thy handſome ſlaves, thy female dancers, thy mimicks,—

"All, by Jupiter, and finer, than any man at Athens."—

I am ſorry for it.—

"I find no reaſon for ſorrow, except that I have them no more."

I am ſorry upon both accounts.—But by what unhappy accidents—

"I will confeſs the truth to thee, Diogenes!—And it conſoles me ſomewhat, that I have enjoyed my riches,—No unhappy accidents,—magnificence, great expence, feaſts, entertainments, and women have conſumed my wealth. Ten happy years—how can I think without deſpair upon what I am now reduced to!—Ten happy years I ſpent uninterrupted with Comus and Bacchus

and

and Cupid and with the ſmiling Venus, and with all the gods of joy."

And theſe kind gods aſſiſted thee in ſquandering away an eſtate of eight hundred talents in ten years?

"If it had been as much more, I ſhould have found means to exchange it for joys and pleaſures. I was, I confeſs it, an inconſiderate fellow, I never thought about futurity."

And now ſince thou art obliged to think on it, what are thy deſigns?

"I have none, Diogenes! Things are paſt remedy."

I hope however, thou gainedſt ſome friends, by ſquandering away ſo much money, and by ſo many feaſts and entertainments?

"Friends, as many as thou pleaſeſt. —But ſince I have nothing more to ſpend, nobody knows me any longer."

Thou

Thou mightſt have learnt that in the academy—or as thou didſt not reliſh perhaps the company of the grey beards, thou mightſt have done it from the example of twenty diſcarded favourites of fortune of thy acquaintance, without referring it to the deciſion of experience.—However I will not add my reproaches, to thoſe, thou makeſt thyſelf. The queſtion is, what courſe we muſt now take? Wouldſt thou not be very well ſatisfied, if ſome beneficent Divinity ſhould reſtore thee thy loſt eſtate?

"What a queſtion!—Unfortunately I know no ſuch generous Being."—

Thou art miſtaken, Bacchides; *Induſtry is this propitious God*; labour and ſobriety are fertile and inexhauſtible gold-mines, in which the pooreſt ſon of earth may dig as much as he pleaſes.—

"But I am not diſpoſed to dig, my good Diogenes! and if I were, I cannot; every

every ſort of work muſt be learned, and I—I have learnt nothing at all."

I will grant, thou underſtandeſt no art, by which thou canſt gain thy living; but thou haſt underſtanding and the gift of ſpeech;—devote thyſelf to the republic, exert thyſelf to obtain the confidence of the Athenians.—

"Thy ſarcaſms are too bitter, Diogenes!—How ſhould I perſuade the Athenians to truſt with their ſecurity, their happineſs, their public revenues, a man, who did not know, how to preſerve his own patrimony?"—

It might be difficult!—

"Beſides to make a ſtate's-man, one ought to know a great many things, I never had much taſte for."—

In thy circumſtances at leaſt without wealth there are ordinarily no other means of riſing than merit.—We will re-

renounce this ſchem.—But thou may'ſt enter into the ſervice of the army?

"In quality of a common ſoldier?—I had rather be chained to a galley; in that of an officer?—that requires either money, or intereſt, or perſonal merit."—

Well! if thou doſt not approve any of theſe ſchemes, there are others;—they are not quite ſo honourable; but where one has but little choice,—for inſtance, rich ladies, who are advanced to thoſe years, in which they muſt either forſake the occupations of the golden Venus, or buy their lovers;——thou ſhakeſt thy head?

"Ah! Diogenes! I have ſhut this door againſt myſelf too.—The ladies, thou art ſpeaking of, have craving neceſſities;—and thou mayeſt very well imagine, that a man, who in ten years has ſpent eight hundred talents, is not

fit

fit for an employment, which requires ſo much drudgery?"—

O! the prerogatives of wealth!—I confeſs to thee, I am at the bottom of my projects.

"All this is ſuperfluous, if thou wilt only teach me, what thou doeſt in the ſame needy circumſtances as mine are, to be as happy, as thou ſeemeſt to be at leaſt."

I am indeed ſo, Bacchides; but let me tell thee, that thou art miſtaken, if thou ſuppoſeſt me in needy circumſtances. Herein appearances deceive thee. I am rich,—richer, I think, than the king of Perſia,—for I want ſo little, that I find every where what I want, and I never find myſelf in need of any thing. —This contentment preſerves me in the health and ſtrength thou ſeeſt me. Excited by pity or inclination to exerciſe, I often

the mill out of the hands of the ſlave, and grind for him.

" Singular man!" cried Bacchides.

Thou canſt not conceive, Bacchides! how much it imports us, that the inſtrument, whereupon our ſouls are to play, be well tuned. Sound in body, ſound in mind,—except ſome grains of folly, for which I don't find myſelf a bit the worſe,—without cares, without paſſions, without troubleſome connexions, without dependance, muſt I not be happy? Is not all nature mine, as far as I enjoy it? What a ſource of enjoyment lies only in the ſympathetic ſentiment!—I fear thou art not acquainted with this ſource, Bacchides.—And add to all this, I have a *friend*.

" In the mean time thou liveſt however upon beans and roots, art clothed in ſack-cloth, and lodged, as it is ſaid, in a tub."—

"If thou wilt give me thy company, we will lodge in my country-houſe; it is on the ſhore not far from hence, and has the fineſt proſpect in the world;—for, my tub would prove too narrow for us both.—It is but indeed a ſort of hole in the earth delved by nature herſelf; but I have all conveniences in it, dry leaves for a couch, and a broad ſmooth ſtone for a table.

"I accept thy offer, in hopes thou wilt be generous enough not to conceal, from an unfortunate man, the Arcanum thou muſt poſſeſs, which makes thee capable of fancying thyſelf rich and happy."

I cannot forbear laughing. Thou ſpeakeſt, as if thou fanciedſt, I bore about me amulets and magic characters poſſeſſed of this power. Without flattering thee, Bacchides, my arcanum is the moſt ſimple thing in the world, but it is not ſo eaſy to be communicated.

My

My principles may be taught, but *to feel the truth of them, as I feel it*, and to derive as much happineſs from them as I do, nature muſt furniſh a certain diſpoſition,——which perhaps thou haſt not. ——Let us however make a ſmall trial! If thou ſhouldſt like to ſtay with me; well!—if not, Fate will perhaps point out another path.

End of VOLUME I.

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